

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Sauce"

(feat. Philly Black)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah  
Hold that, hold that, hold that  
Yo all that, all that tryin'  
Y'all, I told y'all about tryin'  
Tryin' is later on man  
Can we try something for the ladies  
Can we try something for the ladies  
Can we do that De La  
Let's get that goin' on man  
Told y'all about those messages and shit man  
We get to that later man, know what I mean  
Let's just do something for the ladies man  
Let's get a chorus goin' on or something  
Let's pop a chorus off, ya know what I mean  
Let's do that right now, let's get that goin' on  
Let's try that out

I see you real niggas do fake things sometimes  
One of them is grabbin' on his mic to rhymes  
So let us demonstrate the right way ya need to place  
Yo, it's De La up in ya face  
Better yet ya whole scene, here to pull in the green  
With Philly Black

Just layin' back, raisin' my stacks  
Cause how they want it I give it to em' rock or the raw  
Yo it really don't matter son, some hot shit for y'all  
To go cop at the store, I spit, kick at ya jaw  
Leave you on the floor on all fours, you slaw

We burn fast in black flag lands  
Bringin' herds and caravans  
And heat rock rythms, you blink one, two times  
In between I do mines  
Showboat refs, I put y'all niggas on deck

Yeah son y'all faggots are soft  
I been through, carried the torch  
Recognized and done married a dwarf  
So in-laws pay a writer's fee  
My stizzy sets a wiz bitch's eye in me  
Pissy in a rizzy  
Indian wife I flip em' behind reachin' for sobriety  
Blew north, never find me  
Reside in this state of mind  
Keep my temple developmental

Projects, front-line essential  
Reminded of concubines and evil that men do  
Cut off Ginsu, carry a brand new  
Vandle issues, brandin' issues  
Grabbin' tissues, like you didn't know you had it in you

I live it up y'all, givin' you what y'all  
Need and can't call, carry the ball  
Like a spit-kicker should and ya wish ya could  
Hold it down like the digital who stitched the hood  
Better yet the whole globe, light it up like a strobe  
While you froze panicin'  
Went from man to manquin  
We them peaceful rap stars  
That can still jab ya in ya face  
Leave ya shit redder than Mars

The sauce and shit, of course we it  
The flossy shit  
Groundin' beef like Maxwell House  
Go ask the house  
We representatives  
Go call ya Senators  
Change laws in rap, renovate ya landscape  
The man takes for sixteen  
And pull a paragraph up out the tango  
Hangin' like vango  
Water broke flows to c-sec  
You read xecs  
Miscarried the rap, abortin' ya whole fort